

# AMAZING GRACE

My life is a demonstration of the fact that God's grace can reach to the guiltiest, vilest and worst sinner, pick him up from the ruins of sin and transform him into a beautiful heaven-bound saint. The story of my life pulsates with wonder and it attests to God's ability to save the "chiefest of sinners."

My parents were separated when I was only 2 years old. By the time I was about eleven years old I had already learnt how to smoke cigarettes and how to pick pockets. I stole money to enable me to go to the theatre, buy alcohol, cigarettes, etc. And before my father knew it, his first child was out of control. I would leave the house for days only to return home when I wanted. My father was fed up. Twice, he took me to the Reformatory, thinking I would change. Instead of improving I grew worse.

I was admitted into a boarding school at the age of twelve. My father was just too happy to have me admitted into the boarding house. He felt I would be taught some lessons that would bring about the change he wanted in me. But what happened? It was while at the High School that I met other boys whose influence had a worse degenerating effect on my life. Before long, I started indulging in illicit substance use and graduated into addiction. I became a terror to everyone around me, including my principal, teachers and seniors at school. As a result of my way of living I had to change schools twice.



That means I attended three schools in order to complete a five-year high school course. The principal of the last school I attended suffered much from my diabolical activities. I was so wicked that I was responsible for his demotion from principal to an ordinary classroom teacher.

By the time I was twenty-six years old I had become so perverted, corrupt and wicked that everyone who knew of me was afraid of me. I virtually became a slave to cigarette, alcohol, women, and substance abuse. I was smoking at least one hundred cigarettes daily. But whenever I was broke, I could take any kind of strong drink from one morning to another without being intoxicated. I had learnt to do what some magicians do for money. Maybe becoming a magician would have been my next aim.

But God in his mercies did not allow me to sink further into the ruins of sin. I could even have gone mad or died. But God in His infinite mercy and by His amazing grace kept me alive and sane despite my wickedness.

I will never forget the day I had an encounter with Jesus Christ. I was invited to a Christian Camp Meeting and I was told that it was going to be a wonderful meeting. I decided to attend. To my surprise it was truly a wonderful meeting. It was attended by thousands of people and the officials at the entrance were most polite and very friendly. None of them challenged me for coming into such a place with my cigarette lit. They left me to my conscience.



As soon as I entered I threw away my cigarette and went to sit in front of the tent, curiously watching all that was going on. I was not at all enthusiastic and I had planned not to stay too long. I had always thought of religion, especially the serious type, as more or less "rubbish". I did not really know what salvation from sin is all about.

A man climbed the rostrum and began to preach in such a way, as I had never heard before. Once during the sermon, he pointed in my direction and said: "My sinner friend, you have got to repent today." I was angry. I thought in my heart: "Why should he call me a sinner? I'm as good as anybody else." But he began to quote scripture after scripture. I cannot remember any of the scriptures he quoted now: but for the first time in my life, I realised I was a sinner, that my soul was bound for hell and that I needed a Saviour. What the preacher said made such an incredible impression in my mind that I started to imagine hell and see myself inside it. I tried to shut out the imagination but I could not. Towards the end of the sermon, the preacher quoted yet another passage of scripture, which made me say to myself: "I am a sinner, God loves me." Then he gave the altar call for all sinners to surrender to the Lord Jesus. Before I knew it I had made my way to the front to indicate my commitment.

I left the meeting for home immediately. I got home at about 8.00p.m. And I tried to sleep but I could not. I went on my knees and I began to weep. After crying for a long time I began to say "God forgive me my sins." I kept repeating this, still crying. I must have cried for a long time because the area of my bed on which I put my head was soaking wet! I finally slept at 2.00 a.m.



For the first time in my life I slept like a baby. By the time I woke up all thoughts of condemnation that had been in my mind had gone. My countenance changed and there was peace and assurance in my mind. The urge to smoke cigarettes or other illicit substances and take alcohol had gone. Since that day, I have become a different person. Everybody around me was amazed at my change of life. I must confess that I did not fully understand the change that took place in my life. It was amazing. I thank God for my new Christian friends who took time to patiently answer my questions and clear my doubts. Since then the grace of God has been sufficient for me. Now my life has meaning, direction and hope. Christ has become the Hero of my life and the Lord in my heart. He challenges, thrills and satisfies. I just want to live for Him. I give praises to God for His amazing grace that saved a wretched sinner like me.

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